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In Pious Memorie
of
The right Worthie and Vertuous
EVPHEMIA KYNINGHAME,
VVho
In the Prime of Her Youth
Died the 23. of Iulie, 1616.

THIS Beautie faire, which *Death* in *Dust* did turne,
And clos'd so soone within a *Coffin* sad,
Did, passe like *Lightning*, like to *Thunder* burne;
So little *Life*, so much of *Worth*, it had.
Heauens but to show their *Might* heere made it *shine*,
And when admir'd, then in the *Worlds* *Disdaine*
(*O Teares, O Griefe!*) did call it backe againe,
Lest Earth should *vaunt* Shee kept what was *Diuine*.
What can wee hope for more? *what* more enjoy?
Since fairest Things thus soonest haue their *End*,
And, as on *Bodies Shadowes* doe attend,
Since all our *Blisse* is follow'd with *Annoy*?
Yet Shee's not dead, Shee liues where She did loue,
Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.

